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EDITORIAL

hile we take the 'International' part of our name very seriously – and there are girls galore from far-flung parts in this very issue – we don't mind keeping things closer to home when it matters. Which is why Jenny Laird – a former *Club* Girl of the Year, graces the cover. She's down to to earth, she's as sexy as hell and she's all ours. Up yours, Delors! Enjoy the issue, and get those last few Girl of the Year votes in – results in the next issue! Adios!

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LETTERSTOTHELQUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, KT12 3PU or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50



TOP OF THE CLOPS!

Dear Club.

Thanks once again for an amazing years worth of the most gorgeous girls on the planet. The decision of voting for the 2013 Girl of the Year was as hard as ever (pun definitely intended). However, like every man I have my personal favourites that I'd be more than happy to fuck if given half a chance.

As a photographer I'd also love to do some glamour shoots with them and if they were in the mood for some cock after I'd be more than willing to oblige. The artist in me would also love to paint them as well and I'm sure that any results would be erotically charged. lan, Aberdeen

Your top 10 girls reminded us just what a year it has been. We reckon there are some real contenders who didn't even make your list! The results will be in the next issue, but the top contenders are running boob and boob at the moment (sorry, neck and neck just didn't sound right...).

Dear Club.

I'm studying at University and am a regular reader of your magazine. To say it's popular amongst the students in my hall is an understatement! Each month my copy alone goes round at least five of the lads' rooms. It's like the internet doesn't exist! I was determined with the last issue to keep it to myself, and returning back from the shop I lay on my bed and flicked through it, preparing for a good wank.

Like an idiot, however, I'd forgotten to flick the lock on my door, and the instant I heard a knock, I froze, my dick in my hand. I didn't answer, presuming they'd just walk away, but instead the handle shifted down and in walked Miranda, who I'd just started seeing. At first the bed was slightly obscured, so she called, "Josh, are you there?" I didn't answer, praying she wouldn't step in further, my heart racing, unable to pull my trousers up. She peered round the corner and was greeted by her new boyfriend, holding his cock in front of an open porn mag.

Fortunately, she just giggled and said, "If you'd wanted a wank, you could have just come and seen me, you know? However, don't stop on my account." I began to do my trousers up, but she reached out and stopped me. "No, keep reading, you can use two hands on the magazine now." Wrapping her hand around my shaft, I tentatively turned the pages whilst she wanked me.

I'd never experienced this before, but lingered on a certain page, staring at a particular pose of one of your girls bending over. "Do you like that?" she purred into my ear, kissing my neck. "Would you like her mouth around your dick?" she asked, I answered with a nod of my head. The moment I did, her mouth was poised above my pole. Dipping her head over my length, I imagined it was one of your models and turned the pages, taking in the images as she deep-throated me. My eyes were darting between the pictures and watching her push my bell-end into the side of her cheek like a slut. She'd sucked me off the other night, but this time she was much more into it, taking my balls into her mouth.

She pushed my legs apart and licked under my sac, flicking at my arsehole. My cock was throbbing against her face as the images blurred before my eyes. Grasping my dick once again with her hand, she said, "You need to finish this off inside me, to say 'thank you'." She removed her trousers and got onto her



ROCK ON TOMMIE!

Dear Club.

Fuck, what an issue. Anneli and Conny are two of my all-time favourite girls, and Sophia Knight never fails to give me a stiffy. But the Tommie-Jo pictures were the best I've ever seen of her. She looks like the kind of girl who wouldn't normally open her legs, but the fact that she's fit as fuck and dirty tops it all off. I think she'd be the perfect regular girl for *Club*, but then so would Anneli, Conny and Sophia! *Joe*, *Otley*

We were proud of that issue, Joe, and it was a real tussle over which of those amazing girls was going to get the cover, but we were so chuffed with the Tommie-Jo pics it had to be her. We're steering clear of having a 'Club girl' at the moment, if only because the last two we were going to invite to join that hallowed club promptly stopped modelling!

knees on the bed. I was just about to enter her when she demanded that I, "keep reading."

Placing the mag on her back, I pushed deep into her. It was a strange but amazing sensation to be looking at a woman of my fantasies, whilst pumping my cock into someone else. Miranda, however, was determined to get her own satisfaction and was raising her bum, pushing back hard against me. I hooked my hand around her waist, thumbing her clit and bringing her off.

The magazine soon slipped off, and I had my other hand gripping her fleshy waist, hammering into her. Our thighs were slapping together, and when her orgasm began she had to stifle her screams so the whole hall didn't hear. I placed my palms flat against her arse and pushed away gently, slipping my dick from inside her just in time to spray my load. I drenched her puckered anus and delicious fanny with streams of creamy spunk and held her arsehole open with my hands, staring at how horny it looked.

She broke the silence by saying, "I only came round to borrow a textbook, you know?" I laughed and replied, "Well, as you can see, I wasn't exactly revising!"

Josh, Manchester &







spen is making her debut in this issue of *Club*, and she's at pains to point out that she's not from Colorado, has never been to the Rocky Mountains and thinks skiing is for dicks. Yup, she speaks her mind.

"I just don't want you guys thinking my modelling name is based on where I'm from, which is lame. It's actually my real name. And my parents never went to Colorado either, so I don't know what they were thinking!"

It's America. You're the country that invented stupid names.

"That's true. Maybe I got off lightly. You won't change it to something stupid in the magazine, will you?" •











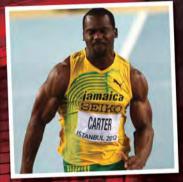






Reebok

The sporting world really comes to life in March, and with all that exciting and inspirational activity going on Matt Loxham says there's only one place to be vour favourite armchair...



World Indoor Athletics Championships

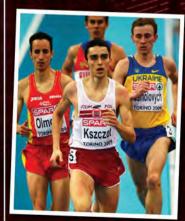
Sopot, Poland March 7th to 9th

hen you think of the Poles, I think it's fair to say that athletics doesn't immediately spring to mind. Indeed, if you believe popular-cum-bullshit stereotypes, it would be easy to conclude that the Ergo Arena, on the border of Sopot and Gdansk, must have the finest plumbing and the cheapest, best-stocked bar in the history of the World Indoor Athletics Championships. You might also question as to whether there'll be enough people left in Poland to fill its 11,000 seats since they're all over here stealing our British jobs and that.

Here at the Rough Guide, however, we wipe our arses on popular stereotype, especially if it's printed on the pages of the Daily Mail and we've run out of

toilet paper. You see, the fact of the matter is that Poland boasts a rich history of celebrated athletes across both track and field, including legendary multimedal winning sprinter Irena Szewinska and courageous polevaulter Wladyslaw Kozakiewicz, who famously threw out a brazen 'up yours' gesture to a volatile Russian crowd when winning gold at the Moscow Olympics in 1980. Present day fan favourite and London 2012 podium-topper Tomasz Majewski will be carrying home hopes in Sopot when the bearded powerhouse takes to the shot-putting circle on day one of the championships. Indoor specialist Adam Kszczot should be there and thereabouts in the 800 metres with an enthusiastic audience to spur him on.

Over on these shores the British track and field team has lost some of its stardust recently, with Mo Farah shifting his focus to the marathon and





Jessica Ennis shifting hers to the prospect of nappies and sleepless nights. Greg Rutherford, who also struck gold on 'Super Saturday' at London 2012, has been injured and/or featuring on light-entertainment telly shows ever since and is currently considered 'touch and go' for Sopot. Rumours that the event clashes with filming for Celebrity Family Fortunes are as vet unfounded.

In the absence of our more established stars comes the opportunity for others to shine, and emerging sprinter James Dasaolu will be eager to take his big chance in the 60 metre dash. Classy competition is promised from the likes of Jamaican speedster Nesta Carter and American flyer Justin Gatlin. reigning World Indoor Champion. The British women's team will have high hopes for Holly Bleasdale in the pole vault and Tiffany Porter should be in the shake-up in the 60 metre hurdles, although the presence of Aussie legend Sally Pearson will make this a stiff test for all concerned.

ICC World Twenty20

March 16th to April 6th

n around sixteen years hence, when our attention spans have been shot to pieces and humanity can barely concentrate on anything, say, beyond posting a short, hate-fuelled message on Twitter, taking a 'selfie', or having a shit in the toilet, Twenty20 or T20 will be the only form of cricket left, pandering to a continuously distracted population who require things like dancing girls, fireworks and frequent bursts of loud music in order to stay engaged.

For the time being, however, T20 is the game for 'mindless sloggers' that the purists all love to pan, who call it things like 'Pointless Disco Cricket' and lament the fact that there are no breaks for naps, convivial handshakes, or tea and scones. Like it or loathe it, however, T20 is here to stay, and on the back of the success of the suitably dumbed down 'Big Bash' league in Australia comes the fifth World Cup, hosted by Bangladesh and featuring sixteen teams - the most ever in the tournament's short history.

Apart from all the noise, bombast and scantily clad cheerleaders, the appeal of T20 lies in its unpredictability. Every team has a hitter's chance on the day, as Holland demonstrated







when beating England on home soil back in 2009. Sri Lanka are currently top of the rankings closely followed by India and South Africa, although to further highlight the random nature of this format in recent months the Sri Lankans have beaten New Zealand, drawn with Pakistan and lost to South Africa.

Strangely, yet actually quite comfortingly for a beleaguered England team who received such a wholesale ass-whipping down under recently, Australia can be very unpredictable in T20 cricket and even slipped to a lowly ninth in the world rankings earlier this year. Yes, the unpredictability of this tournament means that even England could win it...

The Cheltenham Festival

Prestbury Park March 11th to 14th

e might be in a recession but there's always some cash spare to fritter away on the horses, right? You might find it down the back of the couch, in the pocket of an old jacket, in the wife's purse or if necessary you could get a ridiculously expensive payday loan, say, from those loveable pensioners you see on telly (16564% APR).

However you get the wonga, Cheltenham's coming so it's time to study the form and try a small wager. Just ask the 250,000 or so punters who are set to spunk hundreds of millions of pounds at this year's Festival – and that's only at the racecourse. Thousands of armchair punters will piss hundreds of millions more up the wall in their local bookmakers or online. Some will win, most will lose, but all will experience the thrill of what is quite possibly the biggest



and most exciting meeting on the racing calendar. And let's face it – at least your money's been tossed away on decent racing and not some desperate encounter on the all-weather at Southwell or Wolverhampton. Not sure the wife would appreciate that, but there you go...

Cheltenham is a place where genuine champions are made. The mighty Arkle won three consecutive Gold Cups here between 1964 and 1966, Desert Orchid became a household name when he prevailed in 1989, and in more recent years Best

Mate, who tragically died during a race at Exeter in 2005, and Kauto Star have earned national stardom through their exploits over the gruelling Prestbury Park course.

This year another select group of mane contenders (clever, right?) will be looking to add their names to this roster of Cheltenham legends.

On the opening day of the festival Irish eyes will be firmly fixed on the Champion Hurdle, where two of their big hopes go



Punters are set to spunk hundreds of millions of pounds at this year's festival – and that's only at the racecourse"

head to head. Hurricane Fly is looking to add a third Champion Hurdle to those won last year and in 2011, and the chief challenge looks set to come from fellow Irish invader The New One, inexperienced but described by Nigel Twiston-Davies as potentially the best he's ever trained, and he's been in the business for over 30 years.

Day two is likely to feature the buzz horse of the festival when, barring further complications with a recent heart murmur, Sprinter Sacre takes to the course in the Queen Mother Champion Chase, a race he won at a canter back in 2013. A star in the making according to many insiders, if the

French-bred, UK trained chaser can mark a return to fitness by hacking up in this one then hero status awaits – along with a possible run-out in next year's Gold Cup.

And what about this year's Gold Cup? Reigning champ Bob's Worth is the obvious selection after romping home in 2013, although at recent uncharacteristic blip at Haydock where he finished a poor sixth in the Betfair Chase behind potential Gold Cup rivals Cue Card and Silviniaco Conti gives them a glimmer of hope of winning. It's a position the punters will appreciate all too well...

















OFF YOUR HEDONIST

What's on? It's elementary...

★ EAMONN HOLMES ★★ BARRATT HOMES ★★★ KELLY HOLMES ★★★★ KATIE HOLMES ★★★★ SHERLOCK HOLMES









Sherlock: Series 3

(2Entertain, DVD £13.50, Blu-Ray £24.99)

When you're adapting Sherlock Holmes, the problems are rife. How close do you stay to Conan Doyle's original text? What inspiration do you lift and what do you throw away from the various film and television adaptations? Do you show the



Mark Gatiss and Steven Moffat have taken bits and pieces from the canon and added their own touch over three brilliant seasons, helped no end by some astute casting. Yet, for all the show's undoubted quality, you wouldn't know it was a critical and ratings success from all of the bleating that has accompanied this third series.

It's too meta, say some. It's too clever and in-jokey, say others. There's too much character and not enough mystery bang on a third party. We're not sure what we're missing, but for us it remains brilliant and essential watching, the only downside being the brevity of the seasons. The three episodes here vary wildly in tone. Sherlock's return (and jokes poked at those with their own theories), Watson's wedding, and then a tense finale that introduced a new baddle and then reintroduces an old foe.

The magic between Benedict Cumberbatch and Martin Freeman is still there, bolstered by support from Una Stubbs, Gatiss himself and others. No, these aren't murder mysteries. They're better than that.

Blue Jasmine

(Warner Home Video, DVD £9.99, Blu-ray £12.99)

After her husband is arrested for running a Ponzi scheme, rich and cosseted socialite Jasmine (Cate Blanchett) is on her uppers, forced to leave New York for San Francisco and the messy life of her sister Ginger (Sally Hawkins). Jasmine is a prissy snob who despises the men who gravitate towards her sister, but who sets about rebuilding her own life.



Blanchett has already picked up a Golden Globe win and a Best Actress Oscar nomination for her work here, and both are fully deserved. The support is electric too, with Hawkins splendid, and the likes of Louis CK and Andrew Dice Clay proving they've got acting chops. Blue period Woody Allen is pretty good so far. ****

Captain Phillips

(Sony Pictures, DVD £9.99, Blu-Ray £14.99)

In its infinite wisdom, the Academy decided not to nominate Tom Hanks for a Best Actor Oscar this year, despite his performance here being his best in years Paul Greengrass adds his frenetic zest to this true-life tale of the hijacking of a cargo ship by Somali pirates. Newcomer Barkhad Abdi did get a Supporting Actor nod, and he's great as Muse, leader of



the fractious pirates. Are they just bloodthirsty thieves, or people fighting for their own land, their own water, their own lives? There's subtlety and nuance here, if you want to dig for it, or you can just enjoy a tense, nail-biting film elevated by Hanks' brittle, savvy but increasingly desperate Captain Richard Phillips. ****

Game of Thrones: Season 3

(Warner Home Video, DVD £25, Blu-ray £34.50)

Season 3 takes its sweet time to get going catching up with old faces, introducing plenty of new ones (Diana Rigg is exceptional as Ollena Tyrrell). And, just like the books, not every character is worth spending time with. But then it comes together, gels, and you remember why you love it so. And then there's the 'Red Wedding', a wrenching set piece that shocked those who hadn't read the books Ace.



Prisoners

(Entertainment One, DVD £9.99, Blu-ray £13)

When two children go missing, Keller Dover (Hugh Jackman) takes the law into his own hands and visits retribution on what seems like the guilty party. Detective Loki (Jake Gyllenhaal) pursues the kids, the kidnapper and Dover himself. A truly tense thriller with a somewhat signposted twist, this is lifted by the cast.



The Tunnel

(Acorn Media, DVD £13, Blu-ray £18.39)

While this recent TV series is obviously inspired by The Bridge, and revisits many elements of it (right down to similar characters), it can still be judged on its own merits. The plot differs significantly, and Clemence Poesy and Stephen Dillane are both brilliant actors whose chemistry is instant. There's no bridge - it's the



Chunnel - but this is still a modern, twisty thriller that doesn't suffer by comparison with its inspiration.



assic

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg

(Studiocanal, Blu-ray £13.80)

Films don't come much more whimsically French than this timeless musical from Jacques Demy that makes Amelie look like a staid black and white documentary. Every line of dialogue is sung against the backdrop of Michel Legrand's score. And while the actual story - 5 years in the life

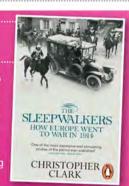


of Genevieve, a star-making role for Catherine Deneuve - is slight, it's still beautifully romantic. Curl up with your loved one and a bottle of red wine, and this is perfect viewing. On a Ryanair flight to Europe on your tablet? Not so much.

The Sleepwalkers

Christopher Clark (Penguin, £10.99)

The Great War doesn't just begin with Gavrilo Princip killing Franz Ferdinand, Instead, as Clark shows in a masterful piece of historical writing, it's a story of Empires 'sleepwalking' into war. Clark is perhaps more sympathetic to Germany than many historians have been, but that's because he's interested in exploring the complexity of the machinations that sent millions to their deaths, not assigning guilt.



Burial Rites

Hannah Kent (Picador, £12.99)

Based on a true story, this gripping and expertly handled first novel tells the story of Agnes Magnusdottir, sentenced to death when her lover is killed in 19th century Iceland (not the shop). Sent to a farm to await her execution, Agnes encounters a young priest who delves into the true story of what happened, and Agnes'



fascinating story. It's a book that doesn't allow its period detail to weigh it down, but remains a compelling, gruelling page-turner.

The Scent Of Death

Andrew Taylor (Harper, £7.99)

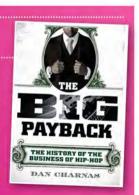
Ignore the by-the-numbers cover (ah, another bloke in a long coat walking away, very good) and give this perfect holiday read a chance. Taylor is superb at historical crime fiction, and this award-winner thrusts us into the American War of Independence, the tale of London clerk Edward Savill and people with secrets galore. The period is wonderfully evoked, almost giving this the tang of non-fiction.



The Big Payback

Dan Charnas (New American Library, £9.66)

While many of the stories behind hip-hop's rise from ghettoised party music to cultural and financial behemoth are well worn, Dan Charnas does a great job of breathing fresh life into them. He focuses on the labels and head honchos who turned this cottage industry into a global business, proving that in the music business, it's definitely not always about the music. 🍨



SHINY STUFF





Nikon 1 AW1

www.nikonusa.com

'Real' cameras used to be quite intimidating and complicated, and the major camera manufacturers deserve a pat on the back for the way they've made excellent results achievable by even the biggest dingus. The Nikon 1 AW1 is feature-packed but easy to use, and it's particularly useful for the more active and adventurous among us. It's waterproof, shockproof and all other kinds of proof (except that it's not made of alcohol, shame), so whether you plan on cycling around the Grand Canyon or you're just a clumsy twat, this is the camera for you.

Pros: Built to last, lenses can be changed.

Cons: Not much change from a grand.



Vertu Constellation

www.vertu.com

Seeing as people on zero hours contracts can afford the latest iPhone these days, there has to be a way for the moneyed to maintain their pampered distance from hoi polloi. And how better to show you've got more money than sense than by 'investing' in the Vertu Constellation? Your money gets you a calfskin-backed phone with a sapphire crystal screen. But elsewhere, this phone doesn't stand up against the latest smartphones costing a tenth as much - the screen isn't full HD, the processor lags and it doesn't do 4G. Ideal for rich idiots, then,

Pros: Services including Wi-Fi and anti-virus.

Cons: Average screen, no 4G.



Nokia Lumia 2520

www.nokia.com

The tablet world is pretty confusing these days. You can never go far wrong with the iPad, but if you're after a cheaper option for the kids, then there's plenty of scope, with Tesco's own getting good reviews. Nokia's entry into the market is certainly goodlooking, a piece of garish polycarbonate that matches the look of Windows 8. But it's Windows 8 that is the downside. It's not for everyone, and it makes the set-up of this tablet a little bit slow, especially when compared to Apple's lightning quick OS. But against that put the lovely screen, the fine camera and the fact that competition is intrinsically healthy when it comes to technology, and this isn't to be ignored.

Pros: Plenty of apps and features, superb

Cons: A bit heavy to lug about. 🛧



























n some lesbian photoshoots, you have to almost literally place the girls' fingers and tongues for them. They haven't got a clue. That didn't happen with Capri and Madison. In fact, it was more a case of wind them up and watch they go, just occasionally informing them that the laws of our nation prevent us from showing fisting, anal strap-on action and inviting the photographer's assistant to get his cock out and tit-fuck them. Rest assured, these things happened... •















SCRUFF JUSTICE!

The Judge Pickles of porn presides...

RATINGS: * NUTTY ** TUTTY *** CHIP BUTTY *** SMUTTY **** SLUTTY













The celebrated Young Harlots academy has so far successfully dodged the fuckwit attentions of Michael Gove, and the latest intake is a batch that is the best argument for private education

we've ever stroked to. Sam Bentley has been getting A's for a couple of years now, but we also get a rare slice of Lexi Lowe boy/girl that is more than welcome. Charlize Tinkerbell is a new one on us, but we reckon she'll rocket to the top of the class if she keeps up this level of work. How do we enrol?



Quicksand

(Digital Playground)

If you were a detective and your partner was Chanel Preston, we imagine your clear-up rate would be pretty low. You'd be too busy dreaming about putting your knob in her chuff, or actually doing that, if you're lucky, to do any detecting. Tommy Gunn is that lucky in this feature from DP, sticking it to Chanel while the rest of cast is hardly ugly either. Annika Albrite, Teal Conrad and Helly Hellfire (we're not making this up) do some sex too, distracting us from what we're sure is a thrilling police procedural... ****



Share My Dirty Fantasy (Private)

There's no danger of plot breaking into the action in Private movies these days. The days of the big budget productions they specialised in are long gone, but that doesn't mean the action still isn't as good. This one is helped by a top notch cast who are all prepared to push themselves to the limit. The gorgeous Henessy has her back door not so much kicked in as battered down, Amy Wild does double vag, while the team-up of Anissa Kate and Jasmin



Jae is as good as it sounds. It's a sexy cordial entente with both Frenchy and the Brit sharing a schlong. Sweet. ★★★







visit from Jenny Laird always raises morale among the troops at Raymond Towers. The footsoldiers dress a bit smarter and bathe before work. The studio gets a sweep. And why all this? Well, we'll be honest. It's because we fancy her. She's all curves and sexiness and we like to dream that she'll come in one day and say, 'Oh, you look/ smell nice. I'd like to bathe your balls in my mouth before you fuck me in every hole."

So far, this hasn't happened. It's simply small talk and chitchat about the weather. But Rome wasn't built in a day, so we'll keep having a shower whenever Jenny is due to visit...



























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RIDE ON YOUR FACE



(3)(5)(D)

































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HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE?

IF SO, WHICH ONE?

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB?

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Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to: clubint@paulraymond.com

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MANCHESTER: City centre. My name is Eliza, I am passionate, sensual and very naughty in bed! Slim size 8 DD bust. Clean, discreet and very open minded, 100% independent.

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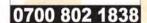
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here aren't many actresses who have combined appearances in several Harry Potter films (she played Fleur Delacour) with lots of bush and boobs out stuff, but Clemence Poesy is one such. The actress and model, most recently seen in The Tunnel on Sky, is utterly gorgeous and charming in 2003's Bienvenue Chez Les Rozes and while there aren't many laughs when she plays Joan of Arc in The Silence of Joan, there are some genitals. So that balances out. Yup, Clemence is one sweet French fancy...





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TOP TRUMPS!

The first thing I noticed about my latest girlfriend were her tits – it was impossible to miss them! Even though they were well covered in a black top, at 32F they weren't going to escape my attention. When we went out on our first date I was really careful to not stare too much at them, as I know a lot of girls with large chests are really self-conscious about them. However, throughout dinner all that was on my mind was getting her back to my place so I could get my hands on them!

After the obligatory coffee and small talk, we began to kiss on my sofa and, as I pulled her in close, I could feel her fleshy breasts against me, causing my dick to stiffen immediately. I was still conscious not to fixate on them, and spent minutes kissing her neck and running my hands over her arse. Despite being shy over dinner, she was suddenly a lot more forthcoming, and was stroking my bulge with her hand. Unzipping me, she pulled my dick and sac out with no

hesitation, working one hand up and down my length.

"Don't you want to suck my tits? Usually that's the first thing men go for. Not many men get to see these, and I know they want them, so I'd make the most of them if I were you." I'd never heard a woman talk like this before, but it made my cock swell between her fingers. Excitedly pulling her top over her head, her tits hung proudly, straining in her bra. Peeling her straps over her shoulders and releasing them, I discovered just how pert they were, despite their size, and running my hands over them I was in total heaven.

Tweaking her nipples hard, I began to suck at them with abandon, pushing them together, kneading and flattening them with both hands. She began to go crazy, moaning loudly, and was shouting, "Suck my tits, lick my big fucking tits!" I pushed her onto her back and was mauling every inch of them, my rigid prick pushing up between her thighs. Dragging her skirt back, she pulled her panties down her legs and off, before steering my bell end upwards to her pussy.

With my tip at her entrance, and her legs splayed either side of my hips, she parted her lips with one hand, then fed my meat into her with the other. I could barely concentrate on working up a rhythm as I was still playing with her amazing boobs! However, she wrapped her legs around me, and with her calves pushing against my arse drove me deeper inside her.

Pushing me backwards suddenly, she got on top and, gripping my knees, began to grind hard into my lap, making her chest bounce wildly. I was mesmerised, and as she began to orgasm I chewed and sucked at her nipples. Climaxing heavily, she panted, "You want to cum on my tits, don't you?" The answer to that was pretty obvious, but her saying it made my spunk begin to race through my dick.

Her orgasm still shuddering through her body, I lifted her off my dick. My knob was in my hand as she cupped her tits for my spunk. Within two strokes I was spraying jizz over her mounds as she commanded me to give her more cream. When she began to lick my cum from her own tits, I knew I'd found my perfect match. I mean, we both share the same interests... her fantastic tits! lan, Preston

A CLOSE SHAVE!

My boyfriend has been asking me to shave my pussy for ages, as he loves it when he sees the girls in your magazine with their neatly trimmed mounds. He went away recently, so I decided to finally sort it out as a nice little surprise on his return. It looked great when I'd finished and I couldn't wait for him to feast his eyes on it.

The night before he returned, my friend Lauren was round for a girlie chat and a takeaway and inevitably I started telling her about what I'd done. I've known her for a while, so when she asked me to let her have a look at it, I didn't think anything of it. Her eyes widened with delight as I shifted my jeans and panties round my hips and revealed my bald pussy, save for a perfectly shaven strip of hair above my slit. "That looks really sexy," she stated, "can I see what it feels like?" A little apprehensively, I leaned back, allowing her to place her hand on my quivering tummy and down to where I'd shaved.



Smiling as she did this, her hand continued down to where it dipped between my legs and she caught my clit with her fingertips, causing my lower body to twitch involuntarily. She looked at me, as if to ask whether I was offended by what she'd done. I couldn't look her in the eye, but I knew I wanted her to put her fingers back where they'd just been. So I just stared down at my own pussy waiting for her hand to return.

It certainly did, and her slender fingers were soon curling between my legs, working their way between my fleshy lips. We didn't speak to see if it was the right thing to do, but I just yanked my jeans down past my knees and opened my legs allowing her to finger me. She worked me like only a woman knows how, using her thumb on my clit whilst her fingers were knuckle deep inside me. By the time she used two flat fingers rhythmically against me, waves of pleasure were flowing through my lower body.

I suddenly realised what we were doing, and half-heartedly said, "Should we be doing this, Lauren?" "I don't know," she replied, "do you want me to stop?" Her hand kept moving as she said this, and I just shook my head and smiled. Parting my legs as far as they would go, Lauren then leaned over until her face was upside down against my entrance. The instant her tongue extended, the tip searching inside me, my hands were on her head, running my fingers through her hair. As well as licking and sucking at my pussy, she was running her tongue and open mouth over where my hair used to be, covering the whole area in a thin layer of glistening saliva.

She really knew how to bring a woman to orgasm, and soon my buttocks were clenching as I thrust my fanny against her open mouth, climaxing heavily. I could barely feel my groin as it had numbed with the sensation she was giving me, and it seemed to last for ages.

She didn't take her mouth from my vagina until she was sure I had shuddered and groaned for the final time. Lifting her head out of my crotch, I could see her mouth wet with my pussy and I knew that I was more than ready to return the favour!

By the way, when my husband came back the next day, the moment he saw my 'surprise' he insisted on going down on me there and then. He told me that he was really chuffed that I would do that just for him. I didn't have the heart to tell him that I'd actually shared it with someone already. On second thoughts, however, maybe he wouldn't mind if he knew it was Lauren,



"

Soon my buttocks were clenching as I thrust my fanny against her open mouth, climaxing"

especially if he got to see her at work! Jodie, Great Yarmouth

CRACK SWAN!

I've always wanted to be a professional ballet dancer, but it's so hard to make a go of it that I've been temping in order to pay the bills. This means that I only get to practise after work or at weekends. Last Sunday I was the only one at the dance studio. I put on my leotard, tutu and ballet shoes, did some warm-up exercises on the bar and began practising my pirouettes. I'm in pretty good shape, and with my long hair hanging loose for a change, I decided to try out a few glamour poses in the mirror.

Cupping my pert, firm boobs and pouting, I leaned forward as though some man was fucking me from behind. I saucily sucked on a finger and gyrated my hips like a stripper going through her act. The taut gusset of my G-string leotard rubbed deliciously against my clit as I thrust my arse into the air.

By thrusting backwards and forwards my leotard massaged my pussy lips rhythmically, reminiscent of a fat cock sliding in from behind, searching for my cunt entrance. I eased my tits out of the confines of my leotard, teasing my nipples. The wetness leaking from my hole added to my rising excitement, and after pinching both nips really hard, I actually came right there in front of the mirror!

Relieved, but not quite satiated, I tore off my panties and lay on the floor. Placing both feet as high up the mirror as I could, I spread my legs wide and pulled apart my glistening fanny lips with my fingers. Being able to see right inside my snatch was a first for me. By clenching and relaxing my twat muscles, I found I could squirt small amounts of pussy juice out of my slit, forming a small puddle of thick sex goo on the wooden floor.

Desperate to enjoy more of these new found voyeuristic treats, I slipped a couple of fingers into the warm, moist pinkness gaping before me. I swiftly followed it with another, then another, until all my fingers were embedded in my gash. I was fucking turned on, but still wanted to take more inside me. I hooked my leas over the bar, hoisting myself up off the floor a little. Now I could see my arsehole, twitching away like a little rabbit's nose - mmmm, inviting! I moved my free hand towards my taut buttcheeks, and little by little, wriggled a finger inside my sphincter. Wow! I was jam-packed full of sensation now, every nerve ending in my body was screaming with delight.

The intense sensation, coupled with the fact that I looked like such a dirty slut poking both my holes, made me cum a second time. My cunt gripped my fingers with force as I spasmed then I slowly withdrew them as the waves of pleasure swept through my body. The change of tension gave my pussy a few







extra throbs, while my aching twat lips were allowed to relax. I hungrily licked the love juice from my sodden fingers in the mirror for a finale before wiping my cum from the floor and heading for the nearest shower. Sod ballet! Maybe I should cut my losses and become a porn star!

Becky, Cirencester

A BREAK FROM THE OLD ROUTINE!

I've always craved excitement, and am constantly on the look out for a good time. My bloke's idea of a good night, however, is to stay in with a bottle of beer and a couple of videos. It was getting obvious that he took me for granted, and seemed to get more turned on by watching the latest Saturdays video than anything I was offering! I got so frustrated with this recently that I did something drastic.

It was Friday night, and rather than just go home to sit in front of the box, I went for some drinks with the girls from work. I normally say no when they ask me, but this time I went and I started to have a fantastic time. One of them is bi-sexual, and despite always fancying blokes, I was excited that she was chatting me up, as it was nice to get the attention. After a few more vodkas I amazingly found myself snogging her, just outside the pub. I pulled away afterwards, saying I'd never done this, and then began to explain about my husband and why I was probably enjoying it. She wasn't offended at all, and instead whispered in my ear a naughty idea.

Taking her back to my flat, we opened the door to the living room and were barely greeted by Adam, who was engrossed in some sitcom he's probably seen ten times before. Sitting on the opposite sofa, we began to chat and I could see Adam wincing, as if we were disturbing him. Rachel suddenly put her hand against my cheek and placed a

He couldn't wait to get his prick in my face and I felt his tip hit the back of my throat as I devoured it"

kiss fully on my lips. From the corner of my eye I could see Adam was clearly doing a double take, but I convinced him he wasn't seeing things by kissing her passionately back and gripping her left breast.
Unconvincingly, he enquired, "Claire, er... what's going on?" However, he hardly rushed to stop us!

Still with our lips clamped together, we were peeling our work blouses and bras from each other, until all Adam could see was two half naked women, snogging. One of them being his girlfriend! When Rachel pushed me back, and began working my skirt up my thighs, I heard Adam mutter, "Jesus!" and unzip his jeans. Rachel went down on my mound as if it was the greatest thing she had ever seen, taking long luxurious strokes and moaning, "Oh... this tastes so good." This was the best head I had ever been given, and when she began working at my clit, I was writhing around and tweaking my own erect nipples.

She was dipping her fingers, then her tongue, in between my swollen lips and I was urging her to, "make me cum." Rolling my head to one side, I fixed my eyes on Adam who was staring wide-eyed and furiously beating himself off! Feeling like a wanton slut, I beckoned him with a flick of my head, my tongue curling around my top lip. He couldn't wait to get his prick in my face and I felt his tip hit the back of my throat as I devoured it, cupping his balls with my hand.

Rachel had brought me to orgasm, and I was drenching her face in my slick juices, my thighs tight around her face. The first gush of Adam's spunk took me by surprise, but I managed to pull his dick from inside my mouth, so he had a full view of me taking it across my face, before I wanked the last few drips on to my extended tongue. The amazement in his eyes was truly a sight to behold.

Let's just say that since that night he has certainly begun to change his ways. In fact, he's happy now to do anything I tell him and he's determined to give me some head so good that it's better than Rachel's. Of course, I'm not going to tell him even if it is! Claire, Southend







































































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TIED UP ON TUESDAY!

I could see the gleam in Adam's eyes and knew that he had something special in mind. I'd told him all about Samantha – how she liked to read naughty books but had never acted out anything that she'd read. He helped me sit up, having bound my wrists together behind my back and then gave me a deep, tonguey kiss. His lips brushed gently across my cheek, then paused by my ear and whispered, "Well done my slut, she's beautiful." I couldn't help but smile. Samantha was beautiful, so perfectly beautiful that I never imagined she would volunteer to be part of the games I play in Adam's basement.

Adam and I normally had sex in his bedroom but it always seemed more appropriate to move underground when we had guests. "Will you follow my instructions like a good girl?" he asked. I nodded, and he nodded back. This was going to be a fun Tuesday, for all of us.

Adam walked over to Samantha, grabbed a handful of her long red hair and forced her to drop to her knees. She looked at me with uncertainty in her eyes as my boyfriend's cock danced right in front of her face. Adam was in charge tonight; our status was as his sluts – to be used in any way he chose.

"You volunteer to be used as my slut?" my boyfriend asked, seeking confirmation of her lowly rank.

"Yes," Samantha murmured.

"Louder," Adam demanded.

"Yes!" Samantha stated, in no uncertain terms. She started to say something else but

the unnecessary words were cut off as my boyfriend, and Samantha's new Master, took advantage of her open mouth by shoving his cock inside. I was beside Samantha by the time she recovered enough to start sucking. She looked at me with startled eyes as Adam pushed his cock in deeper. I'd told Samantha what to expect but she was still shocked to find it happening to her. My boyfriend glanced down at me and nodded his approval.

"Your toy sucks well. She should be rewarded." I knew how Adam wanted



I touched my fingertip onto the slippery crater of crinkled skin and pressed it inside"

me to reward my work colleague but it was difficult to get into position with my hands tied behind my back. I crawled and wriggled until I was lying underneath Samantha, my back arched over her thigh. The difficulty of the position made it all the more rewarding when I took my first mouthful of her shaved pussy. Samantha jumped at the crudity of my touch and choked in surprise as she unintentionally drove Adam's cock even deeper into her mouth. We'd done this before and every girl had had the same response. Rather than chase, I waited. In the same way as all the others, Samantha relaxed, settled and then pressed her weight onto my mouth.

Samantha's hips began to dance and she

moaned loudly as her orgasm started to build. Just as I was sure I was going to make her cum, she was pulled up off me. Adam wouldn't let her orgasm so quickly and would never let me do it first. "My girl here knows what I like and what I want," he said. I nodded as I twisted myself up onto my feet. "You are about to get a taste of your own medicine, you slut." Samantha looked confused; perhaps because her body was pulsing with the heat of her near-orgasm. Adam kissed my mouth, and tasting Samantha's pussy on my lips, he commented, "She is sweet tasting isn't she, my girl?"

"Yes Master, very sweet," I replied.
"Let her taste herself." Samantha was a



willing part of this play and she stepped forward for our first kiss. Perhaps distracted by my lips and tongue, or the taste of herself, she seemed genuinely shocked when Adam eased his cock into her pussy from behind.

"Ahhh!" she sighed, as my boyfriend and Master took his new sub for the first time. Adam smiled at me from behind the thicket of red hair and well he might as he got to fuck yet another gorgeous young woman. I longed to touch myself, to rub my aching clit as Samantha's body was driven against my own by my boyfriend's thrusts. But I was bound, with my hands held behind my back, denying my pleasure.

My pleasure was not to be denied for long. "Rub her," Adam said, loud enough for me to hear. "See how wet her pussy is." Adam had released Samantha's hands and she used one to hold my head as her kisses became even more ferocious, while the other slipped between my legs. How glorious it was to be bound with another woman's fingers rubbing my pussy. "How wet is she?" Adam asked. Samantha's fingers pushed up inside my hole, making my back arch in sexual delight.

"Very wet, Master," Samantha replied, while gazing into my eyes. There was no doubt there now: Samantha had overcome her fear and her eyes were dazzling in their happiness as she lived out what had only previously existed as fantasy.

"Mmmm, two horny wet pussies for me to use; what more could a Master ask for?"
"A bottom, Master?" I offered, automatically. Adam stopped his thrusting and Samantha's mouth dropped open. Her bright blue eyes were staring at me in disbelief. I wriggled my bum in anticipation; the tight heat of Adam's cock forcing its way into my rectum is an absolute delight when I'm feeling really filthy.

"That's creative, slut. Now then, Red," Adam said, pulling Samantha's chestnut locks to the side to expose the freckled white skin of her neck. "Have you ever had a cock in your bottom before?" Samantha gasped as her disbelief turned into an expression of shock.

"N... no, Master," she stammered.

"Then pray I be gentle," Adam breathed, wrapping his arms around Samantha's body. What had I done? As Adam collected some lubricant, Samantha and I shared a whispered conversation.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I meant for him to use my bum."

"It's OK. It feels kind of right to do it with you two." My stomach dropped at the suggestion that I was helping.

"Have you had anal sex before?"

Samantha glanced away, her face glowing with embarrassment. "Only with my vibrator," she admitted. The need to touch myself became unbearable as I imagined this

stunning redhead sliding a sex toy in and out of her bumhole.

"Make the preparations," Adam said, giving me a sly grin as he undid my wrist restraint and handed me a collection of sex toys and anal lubricant. I almost squealed with delight as he guided Samantha onto her hands and knees – knees which he guided apart with his foot. Samantha's arsehole was just there, ready for me to touch and play with. The first touch of lubricant made Samantha gasp but I was the one biting my lip as I touched my fingertip onto the slippery crater of crinkled skin and pressed it inside.

"Oooh fuck!" Samantha moaned, as my single digit sank inside her bottom. Adam was watching from over my shoulder, kissing my neck and rubbing my clitoris as he told me to go faster and deeper. I followed his instructions, and as I did, I felt something pressing up into my bottom. Something fat and long which was buzzing powerfully.

"Go and show Red what you've got up your bottom and I'll make her lick you until you can't take any more." I groaned my delight then shuffled round so that Samantha's face was hanging above my pussy. Samantha grinned when she saw the base of the toy hanging out of my arse. Her fingers gripped and pulled it out until only the tip was still inside me.

"Oh my God," she said. "It's enormous!" What it was was a demonstration of how a girl's bum could accommodate something bigger than might be expected. Like my boyfriend's cock. Adam touched his cock against Samantha's arsehole and pushed. "Oh god, oh god, oh god," she chanted, over and over with her mouth now pressed against my slippery pussy. "I think it's inside me," she whispered, finally opening her eyes. From the expression on Adam's face, I knew that it was inside my colleague's bottom.

With Samantha's bottom full of real cock and mine full of vibrating toy, the basement resounded to the sound of loud moaning. I loved the way Samantha worked the vibrator in and out of my bum as she licked my pussy – it was obvious that she hadn't skipped the naughty bits when she'd been reading. The pace quickened until we were a wild, wanton mass of pumping bodies.

"Oh my God!" I hissed as Samantha's mouth was pushed hard against my dripping pussy. The pressure on my clitoris was irresistible and as the toy in my ass was pushed right up inside, the orgasm that I so desperately needed fired. Samantha gave a muffled squeal of protest as my thighs

clamped around her head, holding her mouth against my spasming crotch but her body was now jolting too. Every movement of her orgasm made my orgasm reignite and my body jumped and jolted as the waves of pleasure echoed from one body to another.

"I've never done anything like that before,"
Samantha said, as she lay panting on the
basement floor. Her smiling face was smeared
with pussy juice.

"Would you do it again, maybe next Tuesday?" I asked.

"Hell, yes!" she replied then stopped. "I'm supposed to be going to that new restaurant on Tuesday."

"Just tell them that you'll be a bit tied up and ask to reschedule."

Carrie, Suffolk &

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With Samantha's bottom full of cock and mine full of toy, the basement resounded to moaning"





























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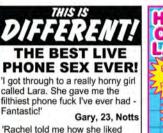




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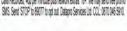
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PER MINUTE





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ur never-ending search for gorgeous redheads led us to Alaina who, while not the full ginge, is definitely on the 'strawberry blonde spectrum'.

"Yeah, I'm a little red," says Alaina, "and that gives me my wild streak. It fits with my star sign too..."

We apologies if we glazed over and tuned out at this point. Alaina is a lovely girl, but there are some things a man just doesn't have to listen to, and astrology bullshit is covered by that.

"...and then they both took out their dicks for me to suck clean and coated me with lots of lovely jizz. That was a crazy night."

Shit! What did we miss? &

















What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

BACKSIDE BULLETS!



Though a shopping trip can end up burning a hole in your back pocket, there is no need to take the saying too literally. Late on a recent Thursday, a man shopping in Brighton, Michigan, went to pay for his items at Home Depot. On reaching for his wallet he accidentally grabbed his gun and the 40-caliber Glock fired, resulting in a terrific pain in the

arse. The 32-year-old, who has not been named, was taken to hospital and treated for minor injuries to the derrière.

GUILLOTINE!

Ever tried jousting with a dildo? Neither have we, but clearly these two feel a fight is not a fight without a sex toy skirmish. Lakenya Bristol accused her ex-girlfriend, Regina Watts, of decapitating her favourite toys. Bristol was arrested in mid-November for domestic violence, shortly after Watts packed Bristol's possessions and told her to leave. Later, when going through her belongings, Bristol reported that the heads had been cut off her three dildoes. Indian River Investigators are halting their probe due to lack of evidence.





Looks like Denver has got its very own take on a Gotham nemesis. Dubbed the "o2 Bandit", a black man between 50 and 60 years old, of medium build, is believed to have held up three banks in the last month whilst hooked up to an oxygen canister. According to reports, the M.O of the medically masked suspect is always the same: he enters the bank, hands the cashier a note and toddles out with the cash and oxygen tank in tow. Makes a change from a balaclava, we suppose.

28-year-old Damu Guptu boarded a train from Mumbai to Gondia on the 22nd of December and, during his trip, snatched a gold chain from a fellow passenger. The victim cried out for help, prompting several passengers



to chase Guptu, who was quickly detained. Guptu denied theft of the chain but he had been witnessed swallowing the item, which was later discovered by ultrasound. Rather than waiting for the chain to naturally pass, the authorities reportedly fed him 96 bananas to hurry the process up. Later recovering the item from Guptu's stool. Ugh. 🕏





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